

Free Beer Press

MAY 16

•MUSIC NEWS VIEWS & BOOZE IN KALAMAZOO & THE WORLD•

1983

MAY 1, THE BLACKSPOT, NO ALCOHOL

Me 'n Spot quit studying early Sunday & went over to the Student Center to see what was shakin. Better place to rock than East Gym. Sound is much better.

The first group was the DISREGARDED, I believe. Anyway the singers name was Bob. Not sure if he was struggling- or even trying. Very weak vocal, lots of nervous smiling, a little sweat. Try again.

DICK & THE BALLS came up to bat next. These guys are fun! Great song called "Hard Core Sucks". Another song starts out "I'm not a faggot but I don't like girls." And the "Whopper Beat The Big Mack" was very inspired. Made me hungry. Good band- go straight to the top.

VA kicks ass. These fellows get better every time out. The second guitar mixes in very well. Kind of like pouring gravy over Mr. Bowser's meat & potatoes. The drummer has become strong & meshes his attack with the bass. This is clearly Heavy Metal. Kenny is taking over the world. He's put together many shows, bringing bands in from out of town. Often he is better than the imported talent. Lots of good energy here. Now where is a VIOLENT APATHY record, guys? Hop to it.

NA. NEGATIVE APPROACH. So what? Same old barking punk. Frantic, unknown vocals delivered by a bald teenager surrounded by a flock of boys. Its like a boy's club. Who cares if the band is hot (this band is hot) the barking jerk up front ruins it with his posturing doom. This isn't fun. It's just a bunch of shit. Get a haircut.

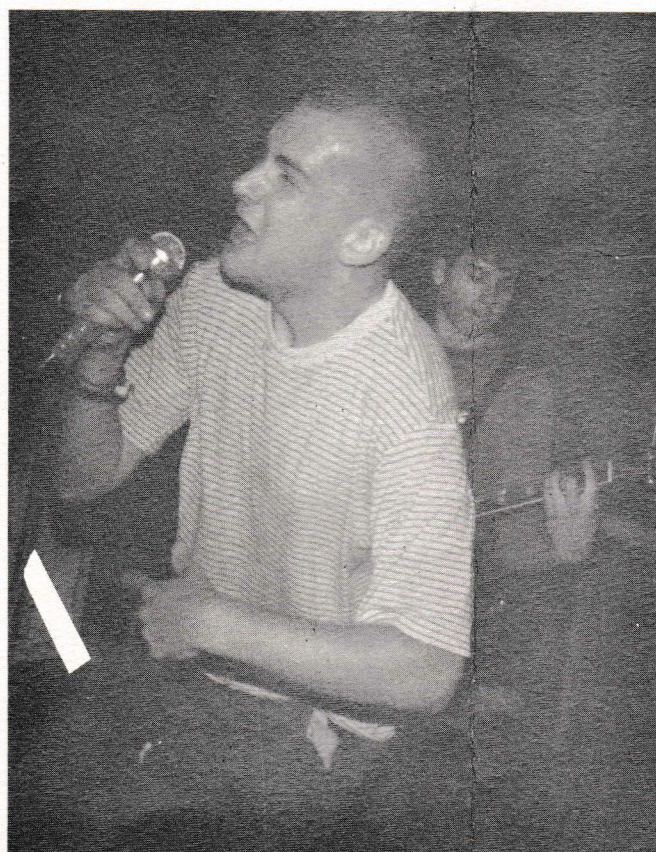
No room to review MINOR THREAT. Went home to watch 60 Minutes.



Love
Ya
Pup



And it looks like a home run!



Just got the new issue of The Zero, a (boring, typical, etc.) local hardcore newsletter, and it was interesting listening to Kenny (of Kenny & the VAs) kiss so much ass. Really! 'A system without any kind of authority isn't any system at all.' So what is it, a refrigerator? And how bout? (we must) work within the system itself, not throw bricks thru windows! Amazing. How that wonderful voice emits from some cat who obviously left his nuts in the cookie jar is beyond me. Is this the dawning of the Hard Core Wimp? I don't know, ask Mick.



BREAK'N UP IS HARD TO DO!

VIRELLES BUY THE FARM:
A Thought Piece

by Muscles McDuff

Wow, I guess some things just go together: AC and DC, PCP and wine, the Blue Spots and lipstick. Hey, its that kind of world! Its wild and wacky and, if you've got enough money, well, then it really doesn't matter that nothing makes any sense! I mean, take this Virelles band, I mean, who said those fuckers could break-up? Does God (and I don't mean Tesco) know about this? I mean, here's the undisputed best band this shitty little wimp-fuck town ever turned out and then BLAM they call it quitsville. I mean, the guitarist beat and scratched at his axe like it had electric fleas! The bass player (Mr. Psych 101) thumped like a horny mountain, smiling all the while like some heavy-metal geek. Stringbean, the drummer, beat rather well although PRETTY DAMN BORING most of the time. And, of course, theres the singer (the Herman Munster of rocknroll) Mike Hard. Hey! this guy had one of the best rocknroll names since Sleepy Labee! Shit, I seen these guys at their last gig

when's my henhen?

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ever (I think) with VA and somebody else. The sound was TERRIBLE, worst ever, but they still kicked ass! Besides self-penned classics like 'Musilini' and 'What Ya Gonna Do?' they did the theme from fucking 'GREEN ACRES'!! I mean, did I freak? You bet your Peanutbutter Conspiracy albums, I did! I had a pint (of course) and had just suffed my nose full of some weird white powder. I didn't know what the sam-hill it was, Eddie just said it was dangerous so we figured, why not? I mean, he IS the one who turned me on to Pink Floyd . . .

Anyway, we're up on the balcony, leaning over the rail, maybe just a little too drunk. Well, I was a little too drunk, Eddie was fucking GONE. He was crawling around the floor, barking. I mean the band was real loud but you still hear him BARK BARK BARKING, slobbering on my shoes.

'Eddie! Eddie, get up!' I said, kicking him. 'There's two punk chicks over there showin us their panties!'

And hey, I was serious! Over in the shadows, about 6 feet behind us, were these 2 beautiful, lotsa-lipsticked chicks, holdin up their skirts exposing tight pink and beige (respectively) panties. They winked.

'Eddie, I ain't kiddin, man!'

'Woof!' he replied, and then 'Woof woof!'

'Jezuzz . . .'

I couldn't believe it. I looked back. They were still there! One pairra fat thighs, one pairra thin, with curly pubes winding out. Those pubes! They were TALKING to me! I looked away, swayed a little. Maybe I was gone.

'WOOF WOOF!'

But then, maybe I was never even here! I mean, I looked down and saw Eddie CHEWING on my leg. Chewing and growling. Pink Floyd?

'GRR!GRRRR!'

'JESUS CHRIST, YOU ASSHOLE! HEY !!!'

RRRriipp!!
And there went half my pant-leg. He went for the other.

'NO!NO!NO!' I screamed, and kicked out. I got him in the forehead, kicked again.

'HEY!'

I kicked one more, sipped some Schnapps. He didn't move.

'Jezuz' I sighed, then looked towards the girls. They were gone.

'C'mon' I said, pouring Schnapps in his face. 'Lets get outta here.'

'Yeah, yeah' he smiled, bleeding. 'Good band, though.'

So what the fuck? I helped him out, everyone stupid and staring, but id didn't matter cuz the girls are gone and the Virelles are gone and (hee hee) I puked in Eddie's shoes after he passed out. See ya at the beach.

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LATIN DOGS

From Battle Creek, Or suburban Springfield, I don't know. Is this an important band or what? I've seen them 3 times & I can't tell ya. Great H.C. noise- killer guitar sound. Inspired singing- BUT- it might be about art & human rights. The words are hard to catch. A friend of mine thought they were fakin it. I don't know.



WHAT IS REGGAE?

Even more confussing- what is Ska?

FACT: Reggae is made by & for potheads.

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I can't see reggae performed by white people. It makes me hoot & holler. Professional musicians pretending to be extremely poor black people living on an island. Very fishy. NOTE: White people buy this reggae & think (hope) they are crossing from dull MOR rock to more sophisticated stuff- like JAZZ.

What they get is boring, pretentious, lost, foggy sleep music. that couldn't possibly mean anything to them.

Future What Is Reggae? columes will deal with lyrics, fashion trends, creeping appeal, Bob Marley's tumor, & justifiable uses (mostly Defensive). Pass the dutchie.

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Here we are. The source of ultimate truth and poop that y'all been waiting for. Our own (& yern) gossip column, scandal sheet and informational tabloid. Send all submissions, hate mail & records to:

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Oshtemo, MI 49009

Don't go away--we'll be right back.

ED VARNER TRIO

Caught these guys at an all ages show in the basement of The First National Front For Christ Church in Three Rivers. Edward Varner bared-all in a recent newspaper interview when he said, "I was seeing a psychiatrist. He said I was to inhibited. He advised me to get a guitar." Pretty intense stuff. Their song "Reagon Youth" was particularly moving.

To young to join the Army
To old to go to school
I hear a voice inside my head sez
Find a haircut you can stand
Reagon Youth! Reagon! Reagon Youth!
Also good original tunes, "Rat Patrol Bar-B-Q", "Door To Door In Warsaw" "Whos Burning Now", & "Catholic Girls Make Good Jew Bait".
High steppin stuff. Bring yer helmet.

Fish of the Week

Empty Stadiums

It's a buzz in itself
sitting in the bleachers

BINKY GOES TO THE MOVIES

NOT A LOVE STORY:

How much is that jock-strap in the window?

Tasha (the bitch) dragged me to this one. She promised alot of beaver-shots and the new Go Go's LP so I figured, what the heck, you only live . . . er, um, ah, OH YEAH, ONCE! Once. Anyway, I ordered popcorn (hid my bottle in Tasha's pantyhose) and we hit the seats. I prepared myself for one, maybe two, screaming hard-ons. Oh boy!

And? And what I got was a bunch of ugly dyke bitches who HATED MEN. Hey, I hate men too, but thats okay cuz I am one. I mean, what we have here is the most obviously slanted, gay-induced anti-cockism I've ever encountered. From seminars with impotent males to the strip-joints with their quarter-movie booths, we're dragged (tooth and nail, I might add) thru some of the stupidest (and most pathetic) anti-porn situations since Mother Hubbard decided to go on the pill. In one sequence, we find that Americans (we're to assume ALL MALE) spend over \$5 billion a year on pornographic materials, materials that glorify the degrading of women.' \$5 billion, huh? Now, this being America, if this were any other business, a \$5 billion profit would be the success story of the year. But nooooooo, this is PORNO. This is SEX and NAKED BODIES. Well, what about the men on men mags (I know a girl with a pile of nothing BUT), what about women's mags like Playgirl, and what about those animal-sex mags (with males and females)? Can we expect a 'It's Not a Horse Story,' starring National Velvet and Mr. Ed? I mean, what the fuck? This is a bunch of sexist dogshit for intellectuals and bored crusaders. Hell, right this minute I've got Elmo (my cock) in my hand, remembering this flick and IT WON'T GET HARD. Not even thinking back on the star-fox (the ONLY cute chick in the movie) who put her leg up on the table, goddess-like, showing all, and talked as if her pussy was the most disgusting thing about her. Could that be why no erection? Hey, I don't know (and I certainly don't care), I just think that if you're buyin this shit, then you MUST MUST have something better to do. Collect stamps, knife mailmen, I don't care. Me, I'm goin to Cinema X.

THE SWOLLEN MEMBERS

Hot HOT flaming new band in KAZOO called the SWOLLEN MEMBERS. Some of these guys are so cool they didn't even finish school. This is the first band for all of 'em - another plus. They should be playing soon at Big Dad's or Club Zorba. They only know 3 songs now, but they're fast learners. Here's one of their originals:

RIGHT TO DEATH

Nazis got a right
To parade
Klan got a right to speak
Me N you got a right
Ta shoot 'em dead
In the street
America loves the freedom
Shoot 'em dead
In the street

Hamos got a right
To fun
Suck N stuff 'em up the bun
Hippie gotta right to pot
Rasta gotta have dreadlocks
Bob Marley's dead
Gotta right to a tumor
In the head

Check out the SWOLLEN MEMBERS,
their mothers love them.





Seriously Speaking

By
Dr. Dead Serious

Okay, its like this--if you're talking Rocknroll then yer talkin Beer, and if you're talkin beer, yer talkin Strohs. Period. That said, I adjusted my cig (and my bottle) and slid beneath the phones.

NEGATIVE APPROACH: Okay, theres a history here--Me, Eddie the fish, and Melonhead went and seen these guys in Ann Arbor, opening for the Damned and Necros. THE FIRST HARDCORE BAND I'D EVER SEEN. and they KICKED ASS. Totally blew me away. Raw, hard TIGHT body-slams of sound. It was like that first acid trip. I was obsessed for weeks.

So heres the record (Monstergirl sleeve!) and what do we get? The STUPIDEST LYRICS I EVER HEARD! The usual sixth-grade punk rantings. Okay, so life sucks, we all KNOW that. We don't have to have it shouted at us by a bunch of fucking bald (and mostly rich) BOYS. Gimme a break! Sure, you can't understand the words anyway, so why print 'em? Fuck it! This negitivism has got to stop! Rocknroll should be fun, and though Lead Song is a great song, the rest of this stuff is as about as exciting as a Rhonda Brown sick bag.

PROCESS OF ELIMINATION EP:VARIOUS ARTIST
This one's hot. A compilation of Michigan hardcore bands, this features some classic shit from some of the best. Necros throwdown first with 'Bad Dream,' a first-slow-then-fast monkey claw. Next its the Meatmen doing the 'Meatmen Stomp' ('you guys been butt-fucked by your dad since you were 9 years old') and its a rash and burn MUSTHAVE. Negative Approach are next with 'Lost Cause' and thats what they are. Youth Patrol wind-up side one with 'America's Power' and its real nice (ignore the words).

Alright, here comes the good shit--Toxic Reasons jump in (great guitar, great singer) with 'Riot Squad' and it smokes! Then its our own (sorry, guys) Violent Apathy, with 'I Can't Take It,' a quick, short Godzilla with the best bass line (and sound) this side of Vicksburg! And Kenny (who won't admit it, but really wants to be a star) sings like a bird. Things wind-up with the McDonalds ('Minuature Golf') and the Fix ('No Idols'), two perfect tunes for jumping out of airplanes. Or vice versa.

NECROS:CONQUEST FOR DEATH: Hey, what's the big deal? A single with only TWO songs on it? Do I smell the rotting corpse of professionalism, sneaking up like death with a hard-on? Hmmm, could be, but then, maybe not, cause 'Take 'Em Up' is fantastic fun. Its about cripples getting all the choice parking places ('my car's ten miles away, cripples gonna hafta pay!') and it rips and snorts with a panther-piss awareness of the difference between strum and drang and killing the alterboy down the street. The other side (the A side!) sucks, pure and simple. Your usual paint-by-numbers punk with some REALLY DUMB lyrics. Hey, if I was as deliberately ugly as these guys, I'd be suspicious of love, too. (not to mention sex, but I shouldn't bring it up. These punks never do)

So, one good side and one shit side. So what's my beef? People have been doin that for years, right? Okay, maybe they have, but there's barely 3 minutes of music on this thing (that's BOTH sides combined) and its selling for \$2.59! 2 fucking 59! Their last record had 9 songs and sold for under 2 bucks. Who knows? Maybe it was recorded in California (big shit) or maybe it was that really cooolll punk-by-numbers sleeve. I bet that cost a pretty penny. Maybe they've all developed big drug habits (Ha!), but no, I think its cuz they think they're in the BIG LEAGUES NOW (like the Kennedys) and figure, although less may not be more, it's all we're gonna get. Excuse me, but fuck 'em.

SCOOTER & THE WORMS:STRAP-ON CHILI DOG:
Okay, these are some more local boys. (Local? Their mailing address is PORTAGE, fer chrissakes). On first listen, it sounds like the usual hard, fast punk bullshit (which, of course, it is), but after a few spins around the gazebo, strange things begin seeping out. (they're called songs, asshole) Okay, so the songs are great. And their alcohol and cigarette obsession is ALRIGHT WITH ME. And they like sex! But where the hell are the guitars? And why does the bass player sound like he's slapping a dyke with a codfish? And that voice! Can't he do anything besides bellow? Klop my ass! 'Rammit and 'Yes to Life' are scrap-metal classics and their maiming of 'Wild Thing' smokes sausage. ('Sharon,' on the other hand, is a dog, but who's counting?) Okay, so the drummer doesn't bite the bunny, so what? I don't eat vegetables! This is the real thing and thats that. Buy it and get laid.

T-SNAKES: I have a friend who smashes telephones. I also have a friend (hi, fatso!) who smashes expensive pottery with 7 oz. beer bottles. In fact, I'm surrounded by all these people who LOVE TO SMASH SHIT! Hey, don't ask me! I've got pierced nipples, fer cryin' out loud! Anyway, I bought this record (for laffs) then came home one day only to find it smashed to pieces and taped on my front door. Due to the usual alcohol poisoning, no one knows quite who did it, although we DO know why.

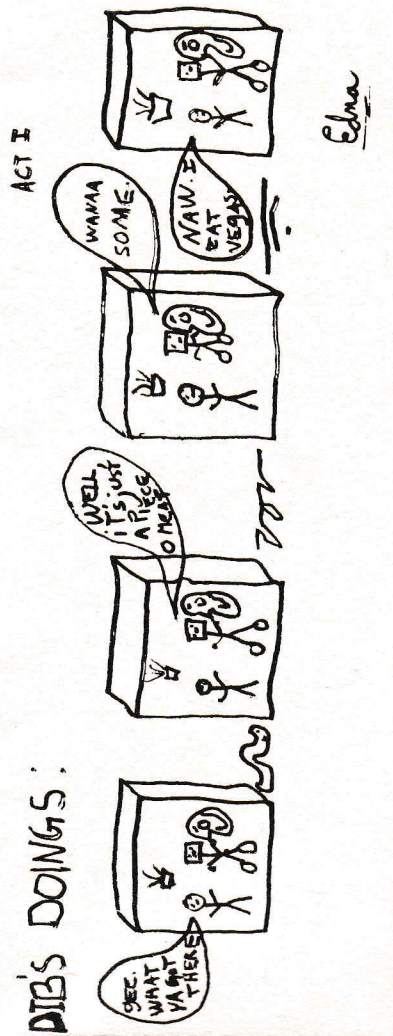
Why? Well, for one thing, the sound sucks. The bass and drums sound like cardboard, the guitar like faraway jello. That leaves Tina T-Snakes voice which wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the stupid, I'm-so-clever lyrics, courtesy of guitarist (?) Mike Mitch. (Why are so many assholes named Mike?) 'People Will Talk,' 'Beat Those Drums,' oh fuck it. 'You're So Chi Chi' is the only decent slice of cheese on this flacid sandwich (and thats only when played on 45). Okay, maybe I'm being a prick, but the thing is, for some reason, I LIKE these guys! I KNOW they're slow and boring and I KNOW they're artists and intellectuals. I even know that they want to be the Clash when they grow up. Fuck it, this record is 3 years old and if these pinheads don't put something out soon, they're gonna be swept over like they probably should be.

THE KENDALLS:JUST LIKE REAL PEOPLE: Don't let the cover fool you, this is new wave at its finest. What we have here is a father, daughter duo, and if the incestuous implications aren't enough for you, wait till you hear them sing Real People as if they have NO IDEA whatsoever what one is! I mean, you don't have to like the music cuz THERE ISN'T ANY. A few transparent guitars, a powder-puff drum, and that skinny minny voice of hers. Its too much! and when she sings (to Dad) in that o so sincere, oh so sexy voice 'I'm not a little kid anymore,' well, what can I say? More mayo!

GUEST EDITORIAL BY PIG BOY
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All this talk about N.A. & V.A. & other H.C. bands that I don't know about is bringing me down. I wanna talk about V.H. That Van Halen, you trendy bitches. These guys put up with a lot- you wouldn't know they are popular what with everyone poo-pooing them. The punks think they are merely merchants of teenage glamor. Other mudicians complain because they aren't "sophisticated", & reviewers are always taking cheap shots at them. (But David Lee Roth got some satisfaction when he said the reason more critics like Elvis Costello than V.H. is "because use most critics look like Elvis Costello". Van Halen is as close to real sex as a lot of you wimp rockers will ever get. Every song on every album is total attack. The stuff that Eddie does to that guitar would be grounds for a morals charge in a lessor country than ours. You KNOW Valerie Bertinelli is kept busy servicing that dude.

Well, I've had my say in this filthy scum paper. I know you all want to get back to yer Sony Walkmen & silly slam dancing & WIDR alternatives. I'm gonna listen to DIVER DOWN again. At 45 RPM for extral fun.



DIALING FOR DALLAS
J.R. is really Ronald Reagon. The analogy is obvious. He smiles nice & does vile things at the same time. It never rains in Dallas. Reagon can't do that for D.C.
Sue Ellen is a nice girl who can't help herself from being sucked into bad habits. Like marrying J.R. & being a lousey drunk.
Its to bad Mickey is whacked out. He became a nice guy before the accident. He saved Lucy from dyke-dom.
Bobby & Victoria Principle are unreconcilable. They won't go on being seperated for long. Look for divorce soon.
Cliff & Afton make a strange pair. He's a raging capitalist. I'd straighten her out & make her swim right.
The battle for Ewing Oil is a toss up. J.R. appears to be ahead- but Bobby has more women on his side. (V.P., Holley, Miss Elly & Pam's sister). Besides, he's got the new drill bit now.
I've only been tuned in for about a year. This is American drama at some kind of a peak & I wouldn't miss it fer nothin. I always know when the weekend starts- when Dallas comes on. Get some popcorn- some pop, turn the volume up (Who did shoot J.R.?)



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ever (I think) with VA and somebody else. The sound was TERRIBLE, worst ever, but they still kicked ass! Besides self-penned classics like 'Musilini' and 'What Ya Gonna Do?' they did the theme from fucking 'GREEN ACRES'! I mean, did I freak? You bet your Peanutbutter Conspiracy albums, I did! I had a pint (of course) and had just suffed my nose full of some weird white powder. I didn't know what the sam-hill it was, Eddie just said it was dangerous so we figured, why not? I mean, he IS the one who turned me on to Pink Floyd . . .

Anyway, we're up on the balcony, leaning over the rail, maybe just a little too drunk. Well, I was a little too drunk, Eddie was fucking GONE. He was crawling around the floor, barking. I mean the band was real loud but you still hear him BARK BARK BARKING, slobbering on my shoes.

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'GRR!GRRRRR!'

'JESUS CHRIST, YOU ASSHOLE! HEY !!'

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